**Elephant Snow**

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The Creatures of Laughing Parks and Doorway Fountain Freedom Griefs

With the laughing ducts, the passing rust
where anonymous crafted signals cry freedom
the marching asbestos captains cry foul
the house of striven fountains trample rest

In the ailing park, the children lose their wallets
and the white sand exercise matrons cross galleys
to get into the house, recreated by the best of stays
doorway stewards cross fountains to cause the rust

Resting on the shores of car parks, hard of hearing signs
like a bike ridden past state law mandated curfew
there are birds escaping the sun with struts in the sky
strong crested broken fingers parked in the night ride

salt in copper mines of deleterious handshakes like an anthem bell under the darling lights of zephyr's morning

cleaning up scarlet carved winds, tossed in abatement
down to the ceiling of frog bite plagues where dormitory
and centered persuasion falls agasp, for grateful mentoring,
meetings and rough breathing, tilted resonances under agreement

sitting at the doctor's parked reception with stale working dimensional
dogmatic triumvirate dockings like a porter under the weighted basket,
long in the love and spoken rules without leaving or trying, remarking
truth to the end of your pale life like crystal hemorrhaging doorparks

cordial goodbyes on the doorstep of valiant plumb bells, the derelict
of hell's private stable urban lies roaming like a lost heroine from God's story,
leaving us to go break homes and craft domesticated patches on sound's reason
paid from savings like an anthem bell under the darling lights of zephyr's morning

California Poppy Autocue

Calories and curio pagesmiths
Ornette Coleman hyphen wars
waltzing to the free notes
that barricade fires
in the memo engrossed
charming, instilled
wooden fretted agreeableness

singing in a cramped style,
“You are not my tune, my page,
or my pageantry. Along the valerian
roots to what attraction and demise
we take what is important and
disregard the rest, mistaking our
own edges of sensitivity, as the test,”

and relying those demands to our
executing functions, where birds prey
and the spirits of our past
neglect the angel’s army.

Where the weight of this impassioned plea
harms the backs of both the received
and the receiver.

God does not stand with you, but is untied to your fragrant silhouette

as many as the tides break evenly upon the tossed shore
there is a pattern of brokered smiles, chiming and deciding
like relegated distraught wives on the moonscape of stolen Earth
here we rustle with the waves of chores and song, rattled like bait
burying our notebooks for better verse as a pattern of outcome
seats that do not pretend or rise to the occasion

there are broken starts on the first occasion where songs strung empty
do not share a bracelet with a skilled journey like light to sand, or moisture
to feet, where the window softens and the gentle prose goes to lie in defeat
dressings and cosmic doorways laughing and the passerines white singing
here is how God sees your attempt to reach Her/Him/Them, like a taken tool
that did not belong to you, either side, to score the opposite of what was expected

seats that do not pretend to rise to the occasion, claiming to write home forever,
wrestled in that pardoned stare, we will arrive under God's protection, while the Old Guard
sits feeble under artificial satellites and rowel nibs from the sky like patriot farmers marring
the filler soil of missile trees that did not have to wait or shelter the staunch meting
of old gold rattling where reasons did capture the pregnant fashion parade,
under the desolate morning pitch white light, that neither figure of the acquaintance did see

All doctors are corrupt

All doctors are the evil mirrors of a corrupt landscape
money is the only thing doctors understand –
fear, suffering, a life of poverty, inability to treat oneself,
medical doctors do not care, for their hearts are in the bank,
counting every penny, and soliciting every dollar,
to make the next

Medical doctors disdain disability for it is a reminder
that they are taking advantage of people who are not
in a position to protect themselves from the medical establishment,
and they know this, and they devour the sick and injured like fiscal reports,
refusing treatment for those whose suffering they themselves do not stop to imagine,
in a world where empathy is a crime, doctors are saints, and in a world
where finances are glorified as an achievement, medical practitioners
are falsely believed to be stable of the heart and mind,
as though they know no suffering and those that believe in them
shall also know suffering and tears no more

If I end up in court after death

If I end up in court after I die I am going to take God by surprise
I am going to countersue Michael the Archangel,
even if there is no Michael the Archangel, even better,
an application of mistrust will hold good with my argument

This poem was meant to be a momentous narrative,
but God will not allow me to finish it
God is telling me I will not end up in court when I die
so please do not entertain such thoughts or spread misinformation

God says He/She/They loves me, even though I do not believe it
in my heart of hearts

One day I will travel
and I may hear God under the frame of another light
perhaps then I will listen
though at the moment
I do not think travel matters
God is just as easily here as anywhere else
Or, perhaps the sky will part and She/He/They will show themselves,
just somewhere else
Is God saying They/She/He has preferences?

I have lived a more consequential life in my long left past than my father ever did
that was his own choice, his own character and values
that held him back.
I walked away from a consequential life
first mistaking love as a reason to be
then reliving illness in such a way that retreat was required and true
then choosing seclusion as a manner of life, resting,
assuming I had lived enough, suffered enough, accomplished in my life
what would be sufficient to meet its end – and hoping to die soon

Though I have come to see that my God repeatedly telling me
not to die, as He/She/They have been doing so for the last year,
has finally matched with my values, that I should live again, soon,
that I have more consequential surfaces of events left within me
but most importantly, it is interesting that my first thought

is that it will require connections – stalwart captains of grace and trust –
and even, perhaps, connections with shapes of God that are not true,
but where, maybe, the people mean well, and are organized
are they local? do the Womanists have it? do the Quakers have it?

do I return to my local NAACP and this time participate in organized movement?
Or, are they all, too, unstable in this southern atmosphere
Having grown up here, and after having moved back here,

I know very well that not much good arises from the moribund air that sweeps
though the illusion of charm and the true darkened, terrifying cries of history
I do not want to continue to lose further hope
looking where hope is supposed to naturally be, with select people,
and finding it colonized, lost to a construction, and a people made fetishized,
though, I feel that today, I have somehow made a promise to God
that I will try, in one way or another, I will make an effort
and I keep my promises to God
at least, I always have in the past
in a past where I cared about being a part of making an important future, together,
untied

Is Dorothea still in God's existence

At first she came on inappropriately strong
there was talk about her no longer existing if she left
she was only created for the time that she spent with me
after I rejected her initial advances, she became rather unstable
like a shattered holy box of equations so I asked God to keep her
and find a place for her so that she could to exist, with a new mission

there can be far dark halls in heaven
God does not abuse Her/His/Their angels
but He/She/They can leave them alone
and that is close to madness
because they were created under His/Her/Their wings of comfort and stability
if you get there you feel the love of a shatter-vein temple that leans heavily on love
but without your creator, Dorothea says, it is very lonely,
and she only wants to sing to Him/Her/Them
like ringing bells where no promises were ever broken or concealed
but mesmerized under the fools of Cottage Creek *(with knowledge is understanding)*

"Do you want me to stay?" she asks me,
I will be willing if it means she could find happiness with God
as she was created to do, "I was created to follow you," she corrects me,
then Yes, please stay, please live up to the promise of God and concealed without distraught of
the leaning temple, like the decorated feathers of a crafted song, created for a styled tuning
where place and space have no uniform code, but fairs and pheasants left for us to dictate

"I'm back," she exclaims
like a trembled wolf in a hallowed song

The other side of God

God said my poems are passionate, “too passionate,”
which I felt was the last thing anyone would say about my poems,
God is considering getting rather strict with me, because I cannot
leave behind the fathoms and shapes of structured glass
of my youth

Now God wants to me train an “angel” or spirit created just for me
who will forever be the human age 24 to not be caught up
in the compassion of misdirected love

I felt God gave me a 24 year old to punish me,
I am meant to take care of this angel or spirit
because my marriage failed and God blames me
for not taking care of my wife,
like a stereotypical patriarch
as though the economy did not crash
when we were young, though
she became extremely abusive
while I was extremely ill
I left that section of the country
I am apparently supposed to sponge it up
like my father’s generation
a generation that failed at parenting

Now I have offended God.
He left
It’s just me
And her behind me
Silent
While I do not know what to say

Belonging

From a young age people get the idea into their heads
that to love is to *belong* to someone else

To *belong* to someone is not love, it is possession,
and it is absolute power over autonomy

It has long been believed that the apple
in the garden of eden was knowledge,
but it was possession

Knowledge by itself it not harmful,
but knowledge as possession is when it becomes oppression

passing by truckloads of producers and asteroid-habitat farmers

still apportioning, in the frosty vein of *in*-acting curvature dominance distractors
like moth creating sub-pretending straits on the narrow vision of conquest
walking just by to get to the other side of the fountain like sane street development
rivers that concrete cannot intimidate drive plummeting finches into the waves
Texas roaming fire hydrants spy on the lone pedestrian walkways where St. Peter lost his legs,
his ocean caffeine satire delved into the wild on the pausing guitar picking up the lost street
to find the lost keys to heaven's hidden closet that all the angels keep their winter coats in
all wanting to look their best for the director in this single shot framing the elephant snow

’ssur’nces ‘rom the h’art that I a’ not an aisle at a groc’ry ‘tore

sharp practice type setting in the gulfweed ov’sell’ control
y’u ‘ake from mee lik I’m frigid tall’boy in a veg’table aisle,
organic and sw’t, fair trade to e’se y’r conscience, aloft
but this moody grift that you h’ve o’er me w’ll n’t last forever
one day, I’w’l make a liv’in wit’ lyric, and y’ll be glad
to h’lp support mey a’d mayy fam’ly rowing ‘pon the d’y

parables from prison bathrooms and presents under terms

When bathroom breaks disrupt productivity
we all know the coal is paying for itself
Cat Power scorching the middle desk
like a decking hall-bell postponed for windy hearts

Age against the growing posture,
the old and the young, equally traced out of mard legion
growing faces disturbed by ventricle wings
stammering out the passion of the flys and the ads

Here to feed the painted basslets and the masked iron
like grace-plants wounded by time exposure
downsides like years of stalled justice
when getting borrowed between one person and another

Tied documenting the fasting-house journey
that does concede the eloquent forgetful trails
bombing the eastern shore like ants on the freeway,
here we have arrived, without the papers of Zaragoza

The work of memory to distill the nightly masked men
casting penetrating health for forfeiting,
words that lead the entrails of the donkeys of parables,
the west on the cusp of riotous saboes

Derek Walcott imparting the blues
on Blind Lemon Jefferson's un-mowed lawn and pearl door
stuffing out the last of the amber of the fire of heaven
where prescription cohesion masked sobs sorted

Weather like restroom breaks on the highway
with starship skies tearing out the $100 windows
a light in a small place, with eaglets and Louis Pasteur
the morning ceiling, with shift-felt-regret petrol

firefighters doing carpentry work,
saving babies and being taken to task,
for ceiling bags of coins
nectar where the bruised knees enforce conflicting terms,
and the prison camps pray to God's stolen entry

Her song, Her metered journeys

Distracting the Malay peninsula
sisters in dross wedding dresses
portray the waiting thin oxygen
skin blistered like pouring rain
fellows in dollar society curtains
doctored the waiting lioness cries

But, She, God, was not absolute
except Her desire to free her people
an endeavor She is waiting on, patiently
working on, dedicating the moment
like a parallel journey of situations
interviews with poor insomnia drills

Her drip on the dried furnace recognizes
esteemed crowds following rope in darkness
recognizing Her shoving and wheezing
polite occasional visitors to southern waters
in Kuala Lumpur like spider mine statues
habitat mayors bless urban dictatorships
a scratched record consensus blares the call
morning classrooms allay systolic timber walls

plumb line seagrass meadow of Her life

*Tribute to bell hooks*

Singapore trades mock the theft of wrinkled crystal
traveling all abiding circles of the moonlight dances
where forests run from sterile microscope stones
and the patrons of lost arts favor mutiny over worship

sky-ridden clandestine door frames leaves no trail
passing in and out of heaven's austere meadow hawk
futures that wrap upon the edges of transcending night
secret contacts like separated line-smith gladiators

steel bodies of fractured horse-Guinevere-ashes
promoting the last concerts and lines between states
limbs like the Great Lakes buried and casts withdrawn
soldiers asked to act upon storied rest-bed rocks at dawn
belief is in itself not a traced casing of an abject loft
it is topsoil graciously landmarking the reification of life

Confluence

filled aplenty with turquoise neckfalls
like stanch doorstep strangers on the path
3
goodness is ramified with breathing coats
on stages of polyester continuation
7
how unnatural the drive for life,
that survival should be so promoted is abnormal

tasks of telltale beach encroachment
that white half-light on storehouse doorsteps
12 – 13

Erased from the memories of trees

Rain like curtains of milk and door dancers
Rum on the steps of old homes, paid for
With campaign slogans in New York
Storing mimicry face pairing swearing
Admonition for ferry drivers
*with acute shouldering*
Where plastron size does not
*turn into trays*
Photographs in dynode singing
*trumpet salesmen*
Storms half erased from the
*memories of the trees*
Sunken and swallowed where ambulances
*go down*

feeling robbed according to the perfect pitch (consumers's paint)

We don't have to understand
never being present in loving hands
grievesome morning clasps handling cords
distilled grocery governors's snail ordeals
[waiting for smoke inhalation college majors]
gifted with parting company dross closets
– clothing sparking fires across the watered garden \
leaving lead poisoned carnal rules in the car park
/ clipped to the knob of trashing trees helping sandwiches
vinyl records flattering the stairwell with pastures
of majestic snow and torn down turmoil – like
starter [parks] on the frontlines of consumer traffic lights

the end of river dancing

when the river dances at your feet
escape comes at a very high price
though, that being said, it is possible
solidified tubes down throats
without butter peanuts or balance
doorknobs like weary river circling

to leave home and throw pearls down
from the ashtray ceiling at Oxford
personal time aloft going away
now for the final sacred bow this time
working on the proper exit, with muscle
like flattering gorgeous wrick of revolt

the end of river dancing comes soon
like peasant plaintiff rowboat roweling
the bed is too soft for sleeping microphones
dancing on ceilings at Oxford, looking down
where passion has not elated so much a touch
understand the river stops dancing at some point

A Paris made kite

Without saying that the goodbye is on the way
little is left of kettle illusions, but matches and doorstops
boxes of wet matches, too soften the view of the cordial fire
to soften the blow of the falling Paris made kite

Parisian kites are timber for losing memories in the streets
the miracle-laid ice vendors doling out hidden fire starting dreams
rides from the farms outside the city cry that you are in the way
while the flats on the primary streets laugh at your misfortune

Meanwhile, that kite is falling, attaching on sight to a target
the kite on fire from the knowledge of wasted energy, oh,
how did it get so high, the kite is reentering the atmosphere
and welts like a partitioned drift of evolutionary dance equator-parsing

Stealing the kite as it hits the ground is on the mind of many
tomorrow we will all faint to the sound of M. Ward's scratching post
like bakeries that have tossed magnetic futures with dismissed dreams –
there we haven't thought to examine, but to leave alone in the drifting heat –
where a piling, wasting sand is deployed to quell fire of the kite's nightmares
alone, and still, wrestled apart from its owner, that one who makes these falls

God Seizing the Natural World of Caverns (and Me)

*Dedicated to the partitioned vision of God*
*and smoky fumes of friends, long past*

“You’ve earned this right,” They say,
learning just as much about hospital beds,
taken stations like strident log cabin rocks,
tempting to stay and explain it all, in Her town

“Where will you go,” They challenge
though I admit to not knowing the outcome,
sadly refurnishing the outcrop of stationary-
lumber where stealthy engines learn privacy-dances

“Extremes at the lumber edge” on the far off rain,
cosmopolitan grace-scopes in absolved stallway
like speaking treasures made of love, and God is seeing
fire on the golden turning open rope bookstand ends-ways

“Your trajectory is uncertain,” fires back God,
like an unroped hero calling up from my stomach
“Dare to be absolved,” God punishing me, “untrue,”
“Walk into the path straightened for you,” He says,
He is also near and speaking as one with Her, now
together apart from the stopping, shrinking natural world

Raising the Veracity of Imparted Stock Brick Corn Feilds

*Dedicated to Cat Clyde*
*And the thousand year struggle*
*Of at a stand endurance*

Where the light folds into a standard reference degression
of berceuse tonality like seven years of anti-bellicose
strengthened *sunflower* tool masters lighting mother wisdom
with stolen temples of mapped out thoughts jingoistic,
that now do not deny or impart the sudden transient moves
of that wrinkled time or tracks to get from here to share

there are subtle seasons that do not regret performative
rights, absence of long horses regaining happenstance joy
cardboard lettering like willows in the trust mattered
Midwest splinters coasting on apologies on this tour
like Greek shares of *viola* stock thinking that the people
can always turn on their ears to you, now-forever grace

there is one thing you left out apart when you think of me,
my meandering dross kitchen, the rain that forms cup-shaped
*dulband* changes, younglings with hands tossing rain sprouts
between each other like energy beams that do have hollowed
ground or clip in short, but are the spirits, totality in blues,
paths endless, showing you that you can acknowledge this,
children of the elegant pitching movement hiding from this flood
where the windows capture the stolen identifications for lesser bonds

perhaps she shouldn’t be here either

maybe it shouldn’t be here for us to find
I have to wonder, do you hear a fast beat
with a woman singing? I hear her contours,
her implicated presence, while you lay within
you last moments of life. She keeps a hand
on my shoulders while I watch you take your
last few conversation points, and I wait to hold
your hand.

but perhaps she shouldn’t be here either
each of us singing in our heads, our hearts
how much we will miss you, every day
for the rest of our lives and for the scattered
forever hold, that existence does maintain
the memory that calls on your to visit from time
to time and to remember, your children do belong
to you

she has something over you, I can tell,
there was something you never told me, so
in these last few days I confess everything,
telling you more than I should have and in the
process just getting you worried abut me and that
was more than understandable, as I would do the
same thing, every person please begging me not
to blame you for dying

The fog does not witness us

promoting trophies in the trying elephant rain
where the fog did not dream to witness us into existence
Tattersalls horses buying back their bonds
from the graves of the English Channel

A canopy of locusts under the streaming subscription of fun loving violence

where stars dare of form between the patter of our eyes, like duets on stage, keening
holding paces for tears behind doors along the coveted closet space factory moonlight
where a country never dares of rise against totalitarianism, scared to disturb 9 – 5 butterflies
not after the milkweed has been strategically allocated, for years, for capitalist blanket-*foilds*

oh, those 9 – 5 butterflies will cruise along the shore and still rouse the beach-view cameras
never knocking over the orderly trashcans still picked up on Wednesdays, bayberry leaves
under the best we could give for weekend marches with the Jones's, fettered alliances between,
star-like boosts into your timeline of love, grace and misfortune dreamers who don't need inhalers or medication

excellent health never daring to protect the contact-context for that earned extra $5 an hour butterflies
knowing you will take pity on us after the dusk settles, and living under the assumption that happens
all while we know that will never happen, knowing you, seeing you all our lives, witnessed cowardice
complaints of side-socket window frame locusts just streaming in the evening, fun loving violence
carts of sullen microwave weddings

My good prison jeans

never able to truly take in air under this flat woven space without inhalers or morning,
afternoon, and evening doses of the right measurements

stolen victories in speaking to God from chambers of misery, buck-hidden collapses,
dance squads laughing, and poking 50s dining cars

lonely places under the squirrel padlocks
yelling at the avenue, for partitioned authoritarian weekly prancing foods
the semester has ended like some credit must be bestowed
like some prayer has been unveiled, only one's willingness to look the other way

concerned that what you've learned is not more important than what you're seeing
never dance, never conceding, microphones are not for the jazz, but the disturbing

Scenes on Sacrum Sets

Before the grifted wager
the tallied stagger, into brisk
caramel trollies that stop and walk
into oncoming sycophants
like waves of distilled weakness
He never even spoke

Upon the metered tubular stagnant flow
grimacing upon the God of our whispers
given chances and commercial clouds
witnessed for the first time
like a battery of tempered boils
over the stairway schism for lackadaisical
well-earned craft, like a patter in the ash
momenting the diachronic haze
where God does not meet or ignore our passing

Wickers in the fugitive, impermanent trades
tall stumps in the Everglades of time's mishap

Cohorts of the Seven Kingdoms of Mount Christopher

chary corners on broom smoke swoon
like Michael the Archangel singing folk-blues
along the broken lines of borders unease

dismissing the separated wind chimes
along the chrome stolen boulevard
happy candling ear canals on market

expressions of design, deliberate
and unadorned like grateful plates
of oil and lemon and grassfed statisticians

roaming on grape ceilings
like feathered ash requirements
for the long stall of God's percussion

Saturation and Desensitization in the Curls of Ear-Marked Inveiglement

Doctored freedom march licensing find a great turn under the abatement of courage
the retracted senses of our own way spreading sight into the conurbation cycles
the retreat of courage of our life-masks that our bodies could imagine to endure
distracted from the source, primitive endorsement of allied camps on grateful land

Property grand-sizing catastrophic balancing on chairs to change the bright bulb
like stars centered and close to your safe place, for the moment distant in your mind
cursing the punctured Western night flames dilated and spoken out loud for tempered love
where no individual could stand on doorways for caked dressing sidelines like parched owls

Sized, out-weighted, imitated pressure for the imagined community standing on that door frame
along the passive battery halls like minimized court lashes becoming the crowd of wards
pressure of conscience dismissed with a subscription service to hallowed entry to cobber steed
like palms retracted for mice in the ingratiated time of kisses and hugs and tugged marriage

Floor-ways of docile sail-smiths that did not mention the underlying painting that coursed air
along the hinted and suggested ontology of capitalist divide burying our efforts and brine
hearts suggested to be feeding, all adrift and sleeping in the car, when making a smoking effort
where proven gains saturated with false love are desensitized with texts of failed communities

Nineteenth-century pose market homes doctoring and distilled in the wartime disability
we will break transportation silence drifts from Florida to California like dull factory irons
once fragile and still marginal, but perhaps a legend will reveal itself on the tattered map
perhaps the hive-legs and windowy arms will lift – and sensible grain-landing poems will speak

fortressed impressions of skies and stall fountains under drought warnings adrift

murking in the cystoblast of jackets woven to un-entry like statistics on downy April fire falls
and midnight coats, narrow, sowing in love where dermatologists try and gain the weight
occasional drift of diurnal angels upending the swollen dialectics of sombre weightstands
students knock on doors to seek signatures, aching, and here and there stalling, gracelessly,
for the petition of God, ladies and gentlemen milk the screens of malfeasant telescopes,
eat fortress defenses of mind and will and the paper station working Bill of States, mistaken

welcoming every side of the slow equator that dies not for you, but your reader, weeping letters
never knowing the maladroit circumference that floats above the sea of contempt and scattered
heads and nouns in perfection, relented ghosts that never stomached the take out from the parade
just seven houses to part the way of simulacra, dosing the wire tripping fire like stagnant Aprils
dive stepping grain forte-trenches that never had a moment to foresee the closing od grid weather

never a magistrate upon the old blurb casually mailing the pastries and fomenting bread castles,
not in there, wings of turned doves that judge you like forests hidden behind the city under candles
or winter Willow Ptarmigan, sleeping and misstepping on grocery carts taken too far, too long,
on snowflaked mounted sects, hushed under the frosted wheels that dragged across the ice in pits
from exhaustive trips in Alaska and Korea and Russian accordions attempting to steal the air, whispers
they have opined on the miniseries of night sweats and glaring gasps of nocturnal steaks and potatoes
and turnip like sour appraisal mathematics losing our nation to wincing corn pipes and skyrides

all assigned to too many streets, bears all accompanied the accordions on straights of hammers
preaching father ol' ham radio's forgotten tune like a lifeline to wrecked messaging on the last day,
leaving a new specter for mountain stops and old farm laundry deported for forms of space and place
here learning all in memoriam to enfolding cosmic stall wonders that are neither true or false lending
outage tax paying diemenche gardens taking the wintry closet maps that beat to a marked stone air
and broken teeth philosophy under drought warnings and Sundays left unattended like island shares

embers, all, in the embedded participatory sea

*Dedicated not to him, but to the occasion of the only doctor to earn my trust*

familial trauma and societal trauma are cornered near the same conspicuous dime,
standing always, a single quite note in a Yann Tiersen piece is not the difference
between family traits and societal fatigue, the difficulty to break the cycle, staggers bleak

the olive trees are colliding with the microscope on Downing St. and marchgroves
like grated emotive calamities on high ocean bridges, between here, the welling up,
and the upturned sea, waiting on the bus ride home that determines if war can end

shorn difficulties of immediate family and marriages cannot always be undone, unweighted,
though cycles can be broken, growth for individuals is easy compared to bold sacred texts,
societal infrastructure – in which we are permitted to cast blame, and indict – share hymns

the average person as an enabler, a perpetrator that keeps darkness and lost stalwart tales
in the doorstep of our evening rooms never to be set free or know the tipped pipe, unknowing
a donor to the bone marrow of holistic embedded collapse, like silent permission, pretense,
curt retreat, embers of rolling mountains, shone on the view of strangers unmasked, unabated,
pressured knots steal perspicacious beats from imperiled healing kin, forwarding attempts to feel

A Proposed Treaty for those who Mistake God for an Oil Slide

do not compare God to a supertanker
enclosures are the last missive of the forgetful
where the vines collapse and drift to partners
permeable rills egress to satisfied treasurers

CEOs preamble to the mind's top describable frame
nosebleed seats where the rationalizing parishioner stays
Tomberlin's *i don't know who needs to hear this…*
stamples about the Roman edges, too late for too-weak tea

heralding the nose bled stemples washing in the crainte seat
like an *ashturn* towards a darkened belt stockade prized start
grocery leaves pace Stilts in the socket wedges lonely trace
too fugitive for religion, too reluctant for organized practice

oil slides on the foster children's hands
the remnant of the family land reserves
are donated to an art museum for toxic paint and plasterwork collapses
minatory statures that balance between God's clay billowing breasts
and the captured detention of the ministry of humanity's still inattentive gaze

Harps and Pipes and Mystic Punishment to Eventual Partial Alleviation

tunnel vision for dreams and doormats
demanding answers to such wild extremes
sacrificing body and mind for proximity
abandoning the sounds of music to hear the notes

to no surprise the tests you fail will come
so some surprise just a noble attempt to pass
will earn mercy to varying degrees
one might even earn companionship undeserved

harps and pipes and mystic fallout from luminous dreams
where spirits walk beside you and you recall their voices
all the while those suffering the most will remain unknown
realizing, you, too, were suffering, does not equal just merit

what they consider merit is compartmentalized
and hard to access and digest, or retain memory
there will never be enough insight or answers
to ease a mind that cannot find peace with itself

the heavens reward adroit endurance
despite the argument that lessons can be learned without it
despite the argument that intercession is just
it will be explained to you why that cannot happen
why angels never really dance on the heads of pins
and despite the highest source's rejection,
there is always sacred hope – and a possible reason for it

crescents like a waking diamond’s remorseful resilience

distressing contemporary Atropos in stanza holistics
like a dining factory out upon the streetlamp curves
curtailing the constabulary of rustic rhymes for heatwaves
stalling to take portraits of missing goats under cinder trees
where the wax-laden poured diamonds offer missing thoughts
in exchange for the vows of crescent timings with Reed’s *Magic and Loss*
paddle-stridden figures calling into a cavern sing the subconscious signature
a moment changes shape, unadorned like a monopoly on the saints of sorrow
the heraldry stirs its rumored strength into the song of the exiles